

A Weekly Family Newspaper---Devoted to Right Literature, News, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, Morals, Mechanics, the Markets, General Intelligence, the Dissemination of Democratic Principles, &c.

NO. 78

"LET ME SLEEP."

half asleep, turning from my couch
to sleep. The words haunt me
in memory, as though the Holy
of holies had been breathed in the
weary world, "Oh, let me sleep."
The man whose conscience lashes him
for his misdeeds—evils committed and
repented of—cries, as he drops his head
to sleep, "Oh, let me sleep." The
mourner who has seen some bright
and beautiful one fade from his embrace
like a summer flower nipped by a touch
of frost, bows his head above the pale
face of the prostrate form, and sighs
in the darkness, "Oh, let me sleep
with the loved one, whose smile never
will welcome my footsteps more."
"Let me sleep," says the traveler, who is
foot-sore and weary, has toiled long in
the world, and soon hopes perhaps, unfath-
omable as the sea, to reach the promised
friendship, which he thought enduring,
changing now like chameleons and rain-
bow promises, fading and melting into
colorless air—"Oh let me sleep, for I am
weary."

The rosy-cheeked child, the bright
eyed maiden, those for whom life pulses
in its finest aspect, whose most endearing
smiles, all have periods in which they
long for sleep, for the oblivion of all care

darkly and deeply over them.

There cometh a sleep unto all a sleep that deepeth unto death. The port of canho", the deep-toned thunder-bolt the shock of an earthquake, or the onset of ten thousand armies cannot break its still repose. With mute lips and folded arms, one after another the epidemic comes, and the patient lies motionless and unheeding. No intruding footstep shall jar upon their rest, no disturbing touch shall wring from them the exclamation:—"Let me sleep."

Another Ward Excitement.

For some days, a man by the name of Thomasson, has been on trial in Georgetown, Ky., for the murder of his brother. Thomasson shot and killed his brother deliberately, but excuses himself for so doing by asserting that he intended

appears by the following dispatch, which we find in the Louisville *Times*, of Sunday that the murderer had been a

excitement is great in consequence:—
 GEORGETOWN, Sept. 9.
 "The trial is over. Great excitement. The jury could not agree. Were one hour. Eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. The jury was composed of the southern men. Large crowd followed after him with cries of "tar and feather him." He made his escape through the back door of Pratt's hotel. It is thought that there will be violence done to-night."
 The correspondent of the Louisville "Courier," thus describes a thrilling scene that took place in the court-room during the trial of Thomasson :—
 "The widow of the deceased, after testifying that she saw her husband with her husband carrying weapons much less on the morning he was killed, and that he had not been out of

his mangled remains—with heart-rending sob, (stepping up to the prisoner and saying, "Look on the child." True that seemed enough to move the stone of our streets to music and rage?)

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 13.

Our city has been the scene of terrible riots for several days, and thousands of Irish, and several lives have been lost. The first outbreak was on Sunday evening, when a number of persons were shot before it was quelled. One of the wounded died early next morning. The rioters were then dispersed, but were armed with still greater violence. A great many were badly injured.

Rioters again assembled on Tuesday morning, and two more were killed as a large number wounded. Excitement

No further breach of peace has occurred. The excitement to day has considerably cooled down.

The military will be held in readiness in the event of a renewal of the riot.

CHOLERA IN PETERSBURG.—The *Pof.* of this morning says, there is no abatement of the deaths or disease, and enumerates names and residences of *forty-two* who died yesterday. Several names are given, and the list includes among the names James Callan and James W. Buchanan Esqs. The Supreme Court adjourned over on account of the malady.

AN Irish traveling merchant, alias a pedlar, sailed on a turbulent boat, and was the cause of a riot among the shillings, sir. In my country, my d

"Why didn't you remain in your own dear country then?" Kase we had our saxeppines, my jewel," said Pat.

—LOW NICKY DATES.—It is said when the Turkish officer, Amin Bey, during his last visit to this country, attended some fashionable parties at Washington, he remarked that on going into our society, he expected to see "a *mass*" of American ladies, but not "a *much*."

—BIDDY HAS THAT SURLY GLEAM.—"Biddy has that surly gleam cleared off the snow from the pavement!"

"Yes, sur."

"Did he clear it off with alacrity, Biddy?"

"No sur; with a *swell*."

and complacency of temper, says Johnson, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.